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# JUST PLAIN FOLKS

COMEDY DRAMA

BY

ANTHONY E. WILLS

DICK & FITZGERALD

PUBLISHERS

18 Ann Street, New York





Class PS 3545

Book . I 59 J 8

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# JUST PLAIN FOLKS

A Comedy Drama of Rural Life in Three Acts

BY

ANTHONY E. WILLS

AUTHOR OF "OAK FARM," "NEW ENGLAND FOLKS," "A COUNT OF  
NO ACCOUNT," "BENJAMIN, BENNY AND BEN," "THE MATINEE  
IDOL," "THE STUBBORN MOTOR CAR," "THE EAST  
SIDERS," ETC.

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NEW YORK  
DICK & FITZGERALD  
18 ANN STREET

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# JUST PLAIN FOLKS.



## CHARACTERS

- JOHN GILBERT, *an old country doctor*.....*Old man*
- ZEKE TRIMBLE, *his hired man*..... .. *Comedy character*
- RICHARD MORREY, *an attorney at law*.....*Straight lead*
- JIM GRAINGER, *a circus man*.....*Character*
- PROFESSOR WINKLER, *a school teacher*.....*Comedy character*
- SAMMY SELLERS, *the Doctor's nephew*.....*Comedy*
- KITTY MASON, *the circus girl*.....*Soubrette lead*
- MRS. GILBERT, *the Doctor's wife*.....*Old lady*
- ARLETTA BEDELL, *a neighbor*.....*Comedy character*
- ROSIE, *a servant*.....*German comedy*

NOTE :—*Each character appears in every act.*

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—The home of Dr. Gilbert in a small village in New Hampshire.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Two hours and a half.





## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—DOCTOR GILBERT at home. Death of the proprietor of a circus in the neighborhood, and disbandment of the performers. MRS. GILBERT decides to give a dinner party, and SAMMY determines to be a circus clown. ZEKE gives ARLETTA a fright. A lucky find. The DOCTOR decides to adopt KITTY, the young and pretty bare-back rider of the circus. MRS. GILBERT refuses. The DOCTOR wins by subtle diplomacy. KITTY is happy. MORREY, a young lawyer discovers documents relating to KITTY. Courtship of ARLETTA and the PROFESSOR. The dinner party. Catastrophe and confusion.

ACT II.—A year later. KITTY's presence has injured the DOCTOR's social and professional standing by her former occupation. A deaf mute's courtship and repulse by ROSIE. MRS. GILBERT determines that KITTY must go. The DOCTOR asserts his authority, "KITTY stays here!" SAMMY plays truant, but wards off exposure by strategy. KITTY has an understanding with the PROFESSOR. The DOCTOR in trouble; the mortgage. A light breaks in on KITTY. SAMMY steals the mortgage money, but is forced by KITTY to give it back. She is caught with the money in her hand. Accused, and driven from home.

ACT III.—Six months' later. Christmas-eve. SAMMY's remorse at being the cause of KITTY's expulsion. Return of KITTY, and SAMMY confesses. Arrival of MORREY, the lawyer; he has discovered KITTY's parentage. She is now an orphan and heiress to a million dollars. Discomfiture of ARLETTA and the PROFESSOR. Engagement of MORREY and KITTY, and happiness reigns supreme.

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COSTUMES.

DR. GILBERT. Age, about sixty. A gray-haired, smooth shaven old gentleman. Wears a smoking jacket and cap, black trousers, old-fashioned collar and cravat, and fancy waistcoat. His coat is hanging on hook at rear, with his hat and cane.

RICHARD MORREY. A good-looking, neatly dressed young lawyer of about twenty-five. In ACT III, quite stylishly dressed.

PROFESSOR WINKLER. Tight fitting black trousers, frock coat, black bow tie, white spats, tall silk hat. Has long, flowing hair. In ACT III, overcoat, over badly fitting dress-suit, fancy colored shirt, red bow tie.

**ZEKE TRIMBLE.** A deaf mute, thin and smooth shaven; has a large mouth with a perpetual grin. Wears a red crop-wig.

**SAMMY SELLERS.** DR. GILBERT's nephew. A young, ruddy country lad about sixteen. Short trousers, shirt with turned-down collar, and a cap.

**JIM GRANGER.** A thick-set, red-faced character, with unkempt hair. Wears corduroy trousers tucked in high boots; blue flannel shirt, and slouched hat. In ACT II, loud check suit, flashy tie, diamonds, soft Alpine hat. ACT III, poorly dressed.

**MRS. GILBERT.** Age, fifty. A dignified lady of the New England type, in plain house dress, with old-fashioned earrings, neat lace cap, black lace mittens.

**KITTY MASON.** A pretty girl of fifteen. Simple shirt-waist; skirt down to ankles, with ribbons. ACT II, very neatly dressed. ACT III, rather shabby garment.

**ARLETTA BEDELL.** An elderly person. Dark colored dress, old-style bonnet. Wears side curls, and spectacles. ACT III, large shawl covering a gaudy dress trimmed with ribbons.

**ROSIE.** A German servant of solid demeanor. Plain gingham gown, small white apron, her hair gathered up in a knot high up the back of her head.

### INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

A lot of parcels; bundle; apple; school books and strap, for SAMMY. Small slate with slate-pencil tied to it; pocket-book; firewood for ZEKE. Large tray and plates; large platter; scrubbing brush, wash rag and pail; Christmas tree decorations, for ROSIE. Bandanna handkerchief, for PROFESSOR. Bundle; school books and strap; letter, for KITTY. Documents, card, and large envelope, for MORREY. Documents for DR. GILBERT. Stage money for ARLETTA. Skein of yarn for MRS. GILBERT. Sawdust for effect at close of ACT I.

### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As viewed by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R., means right-hand of stage; L., left-hand; C., center of stage; D. C., door in center of rear flat; D. R., door at right of stage; D. L., door at left side; UP, toward rear of stage; DOWN, toward the footlights.

# JUST PLAIN FOLKS.

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*A sitting-room in DR. GILBERT'S home, neatly furnished, about four o'clock of an afternoon in June. Door at D. C. Doors R. and L. Cupboard, with a drawer down R. Fireplace, with logs, and mantel-piece L. Clock, photographs and vases on mantel. Window L. of D. C. Curtain over window, now partly drawn open. Rocker in front of fireplace. Chair near cupboard. Dining table C. with covers laid for five. Kitchen chairs at table. Coat hooks alongside of D. C. The DOCTOR'S coat is on one of the hooks. Small couch R. C. Pictures on wall. Carpet down. Bric-a-brac distributed about to give impression of a cozy country house.*

DISCOVERED, ROSIE, laying plates on table, and DOCTOR GILBERT, asleep in rocker, a newspaper spread over his face. He snores at intervals.

ROSIE (*looks around*). I wonder vat dot can be?

(*After a pause, DOCTOR snores again.*)

ROSIE (*looks around*). Dere it goes again!

(*DOCTOR snores very loud.*)

ROSIE (*discovering cause*). Ach, now I recommonber. It is der Doctor. Vat a fool I didn't know it in der first place. (*Comes down and surveys him*) He sleeps—und sleeps—und when he gets tired of sleeping, den he sleeps some more. (*Sighs*) I don't know vat comes of dis family, ef it keeps up. (*At table. Yawns*) By'jimony! Maybe I ketch der same disease.

ENTER MRS. GILBERT, D. R.

MRS. GILBERT (*to ROSIE*). Rosie dear, do hurry! The guests will soon be arriving and we're not half ready to receive them.

ROSIE. Ches, mam. I hurry so fast as I kin. Yes!

MRS. G. There's a dear. My husband, doubtless, has gone to attend his patients and forgotten all about our little party.

ROSIE. No mam, you are forsaken. Your husband sleeps dere! (*Points dramatically at DOCTOR*)

MRS. G. (*beholding DOCTOR*). Did I ever? (*Snatches paper from his face*) And I thought—! (*Roughly shaking DOCTOR*) John! John! Wake up, wake up!

DOCTOR (*snores loudly*).

ROSIE (*now at D. R.*). He sleeps pretty tight, don't he?

[EXIT D. R. *laughing*.

MRS. G. (*irritated, still shaking him*). John! John! Do you hear me? Wake up!

DOCTOR (*wakes up with a start*). Oh, is that you, Susan?

MRS. G. (*surprised*). Who did you expect? That little girl from the circus, who has been uppermost in your mind since last evening?

DOCTOR (*irritated*). Now, my dear, don't continually harp on the little one. Surely you are not jealous of a fifteen year old child.

MRS. G. (*haughtily*). I should think not.

DOCTOR. Well then, why—

MRS. G. (*piqued*). You know better than that, John. But it's just this kind-heartedness on your part, for all these years, that has kept you where you are.

DOCTOR. Haven't we enough to eat and drink, a roof over our heads? Then what more?

MRS. G. True, we've got a lot to be thankful for. But have you ever thought what would become of us in the event that anything should happen—if you should be taken down with some serious ailment, for instance?

DOCTOR (*patting her head*). Don't let such thoughts disturb you, dear. Time enough to meet such a condition when it actually confronts us.

MRS. G. I don't want to appear critical, but among your many charities I fear you are being taken advantage of.

DOCTOR (*surprised*). My dear, I've never heard you speak like this before. Surely Rosie, poor little thing, isn't—

MRS. G. (*quickly*). No, no, *she* has earned all you ever did for her.

DOCTOR (*feelingly*). I can recall, as though it were yesterday, how her dying mother placed her in my arms. (*Looking up*) And Josiah Trimble's lad, Zeke?

MRS. G. Poor boy, he can hardly help himself. It was indeed an act of mercy to give him a home.

DOCTOR. Well then?

MRS. G. I refer more particularly to the others.

DOCTOR. The Cross family? Poor old Merrill? Surely, *they* have taken no advantage of me.

MRS. G. (*after a pause*). Perhaps after all you are right. But our income is so small and steadily growing less that I thought——

DOCTOR (*rising*). There, there, Susan, don't worry. We'll find a way. In the meantime, we'll go on giving our little mite, as we have in the past. (*Removing smoking jacket*) And now my things.

MRS. G. You're going out again? (*Goes up and brings down his coat, hat and cane*)

DOCTOR. I must take a turn in the garden. My rheumatism gives me some concern.

MRS. G. (*assisting him with coat*). But you mustn't forget the dinner party.

DOCTOR (*laughing*). Spooning party, you mean. It's time our precious neighbor and the Professor made up their minds as to what they intend to do. They've been keeping company, to my knowledge, for all of twenty years.

ENTER ROSIE, D. R.

ROSIE (*excitedly*). Oh please, Doctor! I shust seen from the pantry window——

DOCTOR. Go on, go on,—what is it? What is it?

ROSIE (*hurriedly*). Dot gentlemens who vas here last night is running toward the house all excitement, waving his hands so. (*Illustrates by wildly waving her arms*)

MRS. G. Whatever can have happened? Oh, I hope it's nothing to interfere with our dinner party!

DOCTOR. There you go again, Susan. Your dinner party. It's the only thing I've heard the past week. I dare say, *that* would have to go on if an earthquake struck the town.

(*Knock is heard outside D. C.*)

DOCTOR (*to ROSIE*). See who it is.

(*ROSIE goes quickly and opens D. C.*)

ENTER JIM GRAINGER D. C.

JIM (*breathlessly*). Beg pardon, Doc—(*removes hat and nervously fingers same*) but I—— [EXIT ROSIE D. R.]

DOCTOR (*anxiously*). Quick! What is it? The patient isn't worse?

JIM (*brokenly*). Yes, Doc. I'm afraid he's done fer this time.

DOCTOR. I'll come at once.

JIM. I'll be thankful to yer, if you do.

[EXIT D. C. *passing outside of window*.

DOCTOR (*going up*). I thought that last attack would prove fatal. (*Sighs*) Poor, poor fellow.

MRS. G. (*anxiously*). But, John, you won't be long, you won't forget the dinner party?

DOCTOR (*jamming hat on head and bringing cane heavily down on floor*). Hang the dinner party. This is a matter of life and death!

[EXIT D. C. *slamming door loudly*.

MRS. G. (*goes to window and looks off after him*). That's the first time in all our married life, he's asserted himself like that. He has a temper, after all. (*Looking off*) Thank goodness, Sammy's got back with the things. (*Goes to D. C. and opens it*)

ENTER SAMMY SELLERS D. C. *Carries a large number of small parcels, so piled up that they hide his face from view*.

SAMMY. Steady! Steady, or I'll drop the whole shootin' match!

MRS. G. (*calling*). Rosie! Quick! Quick!

ENTER ROSIE *hurriedly* D. R.

MRS. G. (*to ROSIE*). Take hold! (*Hands her a number of packages*) There! that's more like it.

SAMMY (*with broad smile*). That's the first time I've been able to see ahead o' me since leavin' the village store. Couldn't tell whether I was comin', or goin'.

MRS. G. (*taking remainder of bundles. To ROSIE*). Come, dear. (*Then to SAMMY*) Don't run away, Sammy. I want to see whether you've missed anything.

[EXIT D. R. *followed by ROSIE*.

SAMMY (*rubbing arm*). Missed anything? Well I didn't if the pain in my arm counts. (*Takes out large apple from trouser pocket*) Now fer solid comfort. (*Sits in rocker and rocking to and fro eats with great enthusiasm. Suddenly stops rocking*) Gee! Wouldn't I like ter be one o' them circus fellers! 'Specially the clown. He has the most fun.

ENTER ROSIE D. R.

ROSIE (*looking around room. Calls*). Sammy! Where are you?



SAMMY. Here I am. (*Rises*) What's wrong?

ROSIE. You did forgotten der sugar und we ain't got not a bit fer supper.

SAMMY (*slowly*). Have I got to go all the way to the village again?

ROSIE. Well it listens dot way. We don't got any, und der guests will have to go mitout unless——

SAMMY (*starts toward D. C.*). I suppose I'll hev ter go. (*At door, turning to her*) But say, Rosie, how did yer get over it?

ROSIE. Over vat?

SAMMY. Aw—you know. Why the circus last night.

ROSIE. Ach, yes. It was fine. (*Fingering apron*) I dank you ever so much for taking me.

SAMMY. That's all right. (*Glancing uneasily about*) Only don't be so loud about it. You didn't let on to my uncle and aunt, did yer?

ROSIE (*winks and nudges him in side*). Ach! I say not a word. Dey think we wus to the skule entertainment. (*Nudges him in side*) Ain't that a great one? Yes? (*Laughs heartily*)

SAMMY. You bet! (*Joins heartily in her laughter*) 'Specially on my cranky old aunt. (*Finally*) Say, Rosie, wasn't that little girl great?

ROSIE (*piqued. Immediately stops laughing*). Ouch! You always dink of her.

SAMMY (*close to her*). G'wan, Rosie. Don't go gittin' jealous again. I thought we settled all that last night. More'n likely I'll never see her again.

ROSIE. I dunno about dot. Your uncle, der Doctor, he sezs dot the circus is go bust up.

SAMMY. No! (*Anxiously*) You mean not leave town?

ROSIE (*nodding head in assent*). It's somedings like dot.

SAMMY (*all joy*). Gee! Maybe I'll get a chance now to talk to that clown after all, about taking me along.

ROSIE (*anxiously*). You are a nice one. You would go away und leave me—like a circus?

SAMMY. Only for a little while, Rosie, only for a while.

ROSIE (*sobs*). Oh, Sammy! Sammy! How could you did it?

SAMMY (*comforting her*). Don't take it so hard, Rosie. I'd come back here every year or so and play the town. There, there. And just imagine seeing my name in big letters so high (*illustrates*) on all the fences—(*As if reading*).

*Proudly*) "Sammy Sellers, the King of Clowns." Gee! Wouldn't that be great?

ROSIE (*sobbing*). Yes, it wouldn't. You said you loved me und now you go 'way und leave me.

SAMMY (*anxiously*). There, there, don't bellow so. Every body in the house will hear you.

ROSIE (*sobbing loudly*). Well I don't care, so dere now.

SAMMY (*suddenly as thought occurs*). Rosie! I have it! What do you say to going with me?

ROSIE (*drying eyes*). Going mit you? Where?

SAMMY. Why, with the circus of course.

ROSIE. Ach, what could I do?

SAMMY. Do? Do? (*With exaggerated motions*) Why you could be "Mademoiselle Rosie," the great bare-back rider.

ROSIE. Say, vas iss den dot—vell, what you said?

SAMMY. Why, a person who stands on a horse's back while the nag gallops around. Like this! (*Jumps on couch and bounces up and down as if riding a horse bare-back*) Don't you remember? (*Whipping up imaginary horse and waxing enthusiastic*) Whoop la! Git-ap! Why it's so easy! (*Whipping furiously*) Get along there. Whoop la! Whoop la!

ENTER MRS. GILBERT, D. R.

ROSIE (*instant MRS. G. enters*). Look out, Sammy, look out! (*Hurries to table, and confusedly pretends to be setting same*)

SAMMY (*continuing his business. To ROSIE*). What do you say, Rosie? What do you say?

MRS. G. (*confronting him*). I should say, you are making a fool of yourself.

SAMMY (*stops confusedly*). Oh lor'. I was only——

MRS. G. (*angrily*). Oh, you needn't tell me. I know. I dare say you saw that last night at the school entertainment. (*To ROSIE*) And as for you?

SAMMY (*protesting*). Don't blame her, Auntie. It was all my fault. She didn't——

MRS. G. (*stamping foot*). Not another word from you, sir. The Doctor will attend to your case.

SAMMY. All right. I'm off to town for the sugar. (*Aside*) The old man'll let me off easy.

[EXIT D. C. *passing outside window*.

MRS. G. (*to ROSIE*). Now then, as for you, putting these idiot notions into the boy's head, why I——



ROSIE (*protesting*). Blease, mum, aber I didn't put nod-dings in his head.

MRS. G. (*angrily*). Silence! Don't you dare speak back to me. The Doctor's been far too lenient in the management of this household and for the future, I assume the reins. (*Turns away from her and then suddenly wheeling around* Do you understand that?

ROSIE (*giving a start. Meekly*). I didn't say someding.

MRS. G. Well, you'd better not. (*Pointing to door R.*) Now go about your business.

ROSIE. Ches, mam, I am only too bleased to go. (*Crosses to D. R. and when within a few feet of door, turns to MRS. G. and makes a low bow*) Much obliged. (*Then observing that MRS. G. still is pointing R.*) [EXIT D. R. *quickly*.

MRS. G. (*going to door and looking after her, changing tone*). Poor little thing. She doesn't know any better. But one should *rule* in one's own house and, unlike the doctor, *be* ruled.

ENTER ARLETTA BEDELL, D. C.

ARLETTA. Afternoon, Susan.

MRS. G. (*turns. All smiles*). Why, Arletta! (*Kisses her*)

ARLETTA. I'm a little early, I know, but I just had to come here to avoid that hired man o' yourn.

MRS. G. (*surprised*). Zeke Trimble?

ARLETTA. Is that his name? D'ye know it's the first time in all the years he's been with you that I've heard it.

MRS. G. Why, Zeke's perfectly harmless.

ARLETTA. Harmless? He's a raving maniac, he's stark mad!

MRS. G. I don't understand. What's he been up to?

ARLETTA (*folding arms*). I'll tell you. I ran into him at Smiley's store in town and he started shovin' that slate o' his in my face and following me around, like he was crazy. And all the folks instead o' comin' to my rescue, jes' stood aroun' and laughed at me. I'm so afraid o' him, you know, 'cause—well I dunno,—'spect it's cause he can't speak.

MRS. G. Surely it's not his fault, being deaf and dumb.

ARLETTA. 'Suppose it ain't, but I jes' can't bear him around me and I wish you'd speak to him, (*confusedly*) write to him, well, do somethin' ter stop him chasing me about that way.

MRS. G. Zeke must have had some object.

ARLETTA (*conceitedly*). Wall, 'spose like all the men in town, he wants ter marry me.

MRS. G. Oh yes, and that reminds me. How are you and the Professor coming on?

ARLETTA. Not at all. For a smart man, he's about as stupid as they make 'em.

MRS. G. He loves you. He's told me so.

ARLETTA. That's jes' it. He's told everybody but me, the one most interested.

MRS. G. Well, you ought to help him, if he finds it so difficult to propose.

ARLETTA. Help him? Landsakes! Ain't I as much as asked him to be my husband—(*Adding after a pause*) and even then he didn't have enough gumption merely ter say "all right." (*Looking at MRS. G.*) Can you beat that? (*Then changing tone*) But you'll speak to that hired man o' yourn, won't you? I jes' hate him.

MRS. G. Don't worry. Zeke'll bother you no more.

ENTER ZEKE TRIMBLE, D. R.

ARLETTA (*starting L.*). There he is again! Oh stop him! Stop him!

(ZEKE *grinning broadly, follows ARLETTA about room, holding out slate toward her.*)

ARLETTA (*greatly alarmed*). Help! Help! Save me! Save me! I shall die of fright! (*Circles around table and then around MRS. GILBERT several times, followed by ZEKE holding out slate*)

MRS. G. (*has hurried after ZEKE while he was circling table after ARLETTA*). Zeke! Zeke! What are you trying to do? (*And finally seizing him by arm*) Zeke! Zeke! What are you trying to do?

ARLETTA (*now L. of MRS. G.*). Thank goodness, you've got him! He don't deserve ter be let free. The county jail's where he ought ter live. The brute!

(ZEKE *holds slate toward MRS. G.*)

MRS. G. (*taking same, reads aloud*). "I want to tell you something." (*Looking up. To ARLETTA*) Why that's a message for you. He wants to tell you something.

ARLETTA (*drawing away*). Oh, don't let him come near me. It's a disgrace to let the idiot roam about like this.

MRS. G. We'll soon know what it is. (*Has written on slate and now reads aloud*) "What is it, Zeke?" (*Holds out to ZEKE*)

ZEKE (*reads, then business of wiping slate with sleeve and laboriously writing, and finally handing slate to MRS. G. and pointing with index finger of L. hand to ARLETTA*).

ARLETTA (*has been watching developments with interest. Now greatly agitated*). Oh, don't let the monster point at me that way!

MRS. G. (*reassuringly*). He simply means that you are to read what he has written.

ARLETTA (*drawing away*). Oh, but I couldn't think of it. I should be scared to death. I would——

MRS. G. (*offering slate to ARLETTA*). Oh, don't be so childish.

ARLETTA (*gingerly taking slate*). Well, if you really think—(*Taking slate. Then starts as she reads*) What's this? (*Reads aloud from slate*) "Did you lose a pocket-book?" (*Hurriedly forces slate into MRS. G's. hands, wildly waving hands*) Did I? Yes! Yes! Yes! (*Paces up and down*) I've lost it, and it contains a hundred dollars! Oh what shall I do? What shall I do? (*MRS. G. hands slate to ZEKE*)

(*ZEKE writes on slate and hands to MRS. G. Then produces pocketbook from pocket, holding it to view.*)

MRS. G. (*pointing to it*). Is that it?

ARLETTA (*espying pocketbook. Gives a cry for joy*). Yes, yes, yes! (*Quickly over to R., snatching it from ZEKE's hand. Quickly glances through contents*) Not a penny stolen either! Oh how glad I am!

(*ZEKE grins broadly, points at slate.*)

MRS. G. (*reading from slate*). Zeke says, "Found it in Smiley's store. Tried to give it to you all afternoon, but you always ran away." (*Returns slate to ZEKE*)

ARLETTA (*with assumed feeling*). Poor, noble fellow, how good of you. You have always had my deepest sympathy. But your reward will come—(*Then adding*) in another world.

(*ZEKE writes hurriedly on slate again, hands it to MRS. G. then points at ARLETTA.*)

MRS. G. (*taking slate*). This is intended for you, Arletta.

ARLETTA (*now all smiles*). What has the noble fellow got to say? (*Reads from slate*) "You are a cheap-skate." (*Taken back*) What's that? Why the good-for-nothing, ignorant country pumpkin! (*Starts after ZEKE*)

(*ZEKE dodges her, goes quickly up to D. C. [EXIT, in confusion.]*)

ARLETTA (*angrily*). Did I ever hear of such a thing! I

really believe now, the fellow stole the pocketbook and intended to keep it. (*Looking up*) Good gracious! If it isn't the Professor! And I'm a sight to behold! Quick, Susan, let me use your powder puff!

MRS. G. Quick! in my room! [EXIT D. L.]

ARLETTA (*wringing hands*). Oh, if the Professor should see me in this excited condition, he would be lost to me forever. [EXIT D. L.]

ENTER ROSIE D. R. *with large tray*.

PROFESSOR (*off stage*). Help! Help! Help!

ROSIE (*excitedly*). Wass ist den dass? (*Starts for D. C.*)

ENTER PROFESSOR WINKLER *hurriedly*, D. C. *hat in one hand, bandanna handkerchief in the other, looking back, comes in contact with ROSIE, nearly upsetting her.*

PROFESSOR (*gives a yell and jumps up and down on one foot*). Ouch! Stupid girl, you stepped on my foot!

ROSIE (*hopping about on one foot*). Und you stepped on my knuckle!

PROF. Why don't you look where you're going?

ROSIE. What for you don't look where you came from?

PROF. (*turning on her*). Bah!

ROSIE (*imitating him*). Likewise "bah" to you,—and many of them!

ENTER MRS. GILBERT D. L.

MRS. G. Goodness gracious, what has happened?

PROF. (*confusedly*). A few of the village hoodlums pelted me with apples as I crossed the orchard, and as I hurriedly entered here I collided—

ROSIE (*setting tray on table*). Nodding like it! He made me such a bump, I nearly lose mine balance.

MRS. G. It's fortunate that no harm was done.

PROF. (*anxiously*). Has,—has Arletta arrived?

MRS. G. (*at D. L.*). Yes, she is in the other room.

PROF. Oh I'm so glad of that. I must go to her! But first—(*looking around and then spying mirror*) first I want to make myself a bit presentable. (*Arranges tie and brushes back hair, then conceitedly strikes a series of poses, after which with silk hat on arm*) [EXIT D. L. *pompously*.]

MRS. G. (*shaking head, as she looks after him*). My! what a couple! [EXIT D. L.]

ROSIE (*at table*). Dot bumfessor, he makes me tired with his monkey-doodle-bizness. If I had a feller like dot, I jump me in der river to get rid of him.

ENTER SAMMY SELLERS D. C. *with bundle.*

SAMMY (*breathlessly*). Well, I did that in record time.

ROSIE (*taking bundle from him*). But not a minute too soon. The guests shust arrive. We have supper so soon as der Doctor comes back.

SAMMY (*confidentially*). Whatcher going ter have that's good, Rosie?

ROSIE (*pushing him away, and going R.*). You see, bye und bye.

SAMMY (*all smiles*). Pie and cake, eh?

ROSIE. Dot's all you dink of.

SAMMY. Well, ain't they my favorites?

ROSIE. I guess dot girl from der circus, she is more of your favorite.

SAMMY. Aw, Rosie, will you ever let up on that?

ROSIE. I know, I know. Your old little German girl ain't good enough no more. (*Makes a face and begins loudly to blubber and cry*) Dot's it! I know, I know! [EXIT D. R.]

SAMMY. Hold on, Rosie. Don't go on so. Let me explain. (*Crushed*) Danged if she ain't near right, too. I don't see Rosie with the same eyes I did afore I caught a glimpse of the circus girl. But I'll have to square myself. It ain't right for her to cry that way. (*Calls off, D. R.*) Rosie! Rosie!!

ENTER DOCTOR GILBERT *cautiously*, D. C., *looks around room, then beckons off D. C.*

DOCTOR (*looking off. Then in loud whispers*). Come on! It's all right.

ENTER KITTY MASON, *her straw hat dangling from the ribbons in her hand and carrying a bandanna handkerchief made into a bundle, presumably containing her belongings, in the other hand.*

DOCTOR (*nervously*). Don't be frightened.

KITTY (*bashfully*). Do you imagine she'll be angry?

DOCTOR. Eh? Well I can't say—that is—(*Then pulling himself together*) at any rate, I'm the master here, and what I say is—(*Then suddenly. Greatly alarmed*) Oh lor'. She's coming! What shall I do? (*Looking around*) Here! Get behind those curtains until I explain! (*Pushes KITTY behind curtains*) Now don't so much as breathe, unless you want to get us both into hot water.

KITTY (*behind curtains*). All right!

DOCTOR (*business*). Good gracious, keep quiet! (*Endeavors to assume an air of ease*)

ENTER MRS. GILBERT D. L.

MRS. G. (*laughing, as she beholds Doctor*). Well?

DOCTOR (*troubled. Nervously glancing back toward curtains. Imitating her*). Well?

MRS. G. (*turning on him sharply*). Why don't you say something?

DOCTOR. What would you have me say?

MRS. G. How is your patient?

DOCTOR (*sighs, sadly*). He, alas, has gone to his last resting place.

MRS. G. (*starts*). Dead?

DOCTOR (*slowly nods head in assent*). The last attack could not be overcome, my dear.

MRS. G. I'm extremely sorry. What is to become of his poor associates?

DOCTOR (*clearing throat*). The company has disbanded. They have arranged however to return to the Metropolis.

MRS. G. A very sensible resolve, I should say. They'd hardly make successes as tillers of the soil. It is undoubtedly the best place for them.

DOCTOR. For once we are agreed.

MRS. G. (*seating on rocker*). I'm glad of that, for it would not have been unlike you to have brought them all here, bag and baggage, to live under our roof.

DOCTOR. Not *all*, my dear, on this occasion, only one.

MRS. G. (*sharply*). Only one? Do you mean to infer, John, that you—

DOCTOR (*clearing throat*). How fortunate, my dear, that we have no children of our own.

MRS. G. (*angrily*). You are purposely avoiding my question.

DOCTOR (*continuing*). Little children are the last word of human imperfection, to quote the words of one who knew. They cry, my dear; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be educated, to have their noses blown and—

MRS. G. (*staring at him*). Have you suddenly lost all reason? Are you mad?

DOCTOR. I refuse, my dear, to be interrupted. (*Continuing as before*) As I hinted before, all this we have been spared. Yet we have also missed the appreciation which goes with it; the affection which they show when they have grown old enough to understand, when they have—



MRS. G. (*alarmed*). Will you kindly inform me, sir, as to just what this will lead to?

DOCTOR (*gleefully rubbing hands together*). What would you say, my dear, were I to tell you I have decided to adopt——

MRS. G. (*crossing R.*). Adopt! Never, John, never! (*Her hands above her head*) To take another person's responsibilities on my shoulders——

DOCTOR. But if I were to tell you that she——

MRS. G. (*turning on him*). No, not even a girl would interest me, nor gain my consent!

DOCTOR. Supposing it proved to be a poor, destitute little child, without kith or kin. A little thing destined to a life in a circus——

MRS. G. (*crossing L.*). That would be the last straw to prevent me from taking her in. No, Doctor, no. You cannot soften me. I have quite made up my mind.

DOCTOR (*still arguing his cause*). But if she happened to be——(*Down to curtain*)

MRS. G. (*turning on him*). Oh, let us stop this farce. I shouldn't care for the child if she proved to be——

(DOCTOR *throws curtain aside, exposing KITTY to view.*

KITTY *has her head in her arm, is sobbing loudly.*)

MRS. G. Oh! (*Softening*) The poor little thing.

DOCTOR (*all smiles*). There, you see!

KITTY (*through her sobs*). Please, Doc, take me away——

MRS. G. (*quickly up to KITTY*). No! You mustn't say that. (*Taking her in her arms*) There, there, dry your eyes. You mustn't take on that way.

DOCTOR (*looking on as MRS. G. comforts KITTY. Finally*). Perhaps after all, she'd better go.

MRS. G. (*turning on him sharply*). Go? Nothing of the sort! The idea of such a thing! The child remains here, do you understand that? Right here with me! (*Her arms about KITTY*) How dare you, sir! How dare you! (*To KITTY*) There, there don't cry any longer.

DOCTOR (*aside, both thumbs in vest*). I knew I was still the master here.

MRS. G. (*comforting KITTY*). There, there, little one. I didn't know, when I spoke, that you——

DOCTOR (*to KITTY*). It's just as I told you. We'd first have to have a fuss and then——

MRS. G. (*up*). Oh! So you told the child that, did you? Pray what else did you say?

DOCTOR. Among other things—(*chucking her under chin*) that you are the best hearted woman in all the world. (*Aside*) That'll fetch her.

MRS. G. (*forced to smile*). Well, that somewhat evens matters. (*Suddenly*) But our guests!

DOCTOR. Have they already arrived? They must think us rude. I'll go to them. Join us as soon as you can.

[EXIT D. L.]

MRS. G. (*seating on rocker. To KITTY*). Come here and sit beside me, dear. (*KITTY sits down on floor, R. of rocker*)

MRS. G. What is your name?

KITTY. Kitty.

MRS. G. Your full name.

KITTY. They call me Kitty Mason.

MRS. G. And was it your father who—who——

KITTY. Who died, you mean?

MRS. G. (*quietly*). Yes.

KITTY. No, that was Mart—Mart Clancy, who owned the show.

MRS. G. And your parents?

KITTY. Ain't got none. Mart brought me up since I was so high. (*Illustrates*)

MRS. G. But how did you come to——

KITTY. Be in the circus? (*MRS. G. nods her head in assent*). Don't really know, 'cept what Jim told me. Jim Grainger, you know, is the boss canvasman, and has always been my best friend. It was Jim would always take my part when Mart would beat me.

MRS. G. (*shocked*). You don't mean to say, the ruffian would strike you?

KITTY. Oh yes. Whenever I'd make a slip or tumble from the horse. Jim told me, from what he'd heard Mart say once, that I came from a good family in New York, and sometimes I can remember a big house with many servants and lots o' lights.

MRS. G. And you've never found out anything else?

KITTY (*nods head slowly in negative*). Jim tried to get somethin' more out o' Mart, but never did. A gentleman at the hotel last night asked Jim and me a lot o' questions and said he'd try to hunt up my parents, but that's all I know.

MRS. G. (*looking down at her*). Poor little unfortunate. (*Rises*) I'll have to see to getting your room ready. (*At D. R.*) Anyway, dear, you'll find a good home here with us.

[EXIT D. R.]

KITTY (*calling after her*). Oh thank you, so much.



(Looks around) Gee! this is like a dream! (*Rubs eyes and then looks about delighted*) Ain't this swell? (*Rises*) It's got the old wagon skinned to death. (*Espying couch, seats on it and bounces up and down*) And this! Like a regular swing! (*Her hands in her lap. Thoughtfully*) Only sorry Jim can't share my good luck with me. (*Espying mantel*) And look at the clock and all those other pretty things? Gee! it's jes' like fairy land! (*Takes down small framed picture and intently looks at it*)

ENTER RICHARD MORREY D. C.

MORREY (*in doorway*). I beg pardon.

KITTY (*confusedly replacing picture on mantel*). 'Xcuse me, I didn't mean ter—(*Turns around and espies MORREY*)

MORREY (*recognizing her*). Well, of all persons! (*Coming down to her with outstretched hand*) If it isn't little Kitty of the circus.

KITTY (*wiping hand on skirt, before shaking his hand*). Glad ter meet you again.

MORREY. And what are you doing here?

KITTY. This is to be my new home.

MORREY (*surprised*). Why, you don't mean? (*KITTY nods head vigorously in assent. The truth dawning upon him*) Oh, I see. The Doctor told me last night, he thought he'd adopt you if anything happened to his patient. So—

KITTY (*quickly*). Mart's dead. Died an hour ago.

MORREY (*quietly*). Well, well, well.

KITTY (*bashfully, after a pause*). I didn't expect to see you again.

MORREY. It's a mighty good thing I dropped in here, for I should never have known where to address you, should my investigations prove successful.

KITTY (*anxiously*). Then you really think somethin' will come of it?

MORREY. I'm quite positive. The more I've thought over the story you told me last night and the more I've looked over the papers your friend Jim was able to find among Clancy's belongings, the more positive I feel that you are—

ENTER DOCTOR GILBERT, D. L.

MORREY (*to DOCTOR*). Beg pardon, Doctor. I don't suppose you remember me?

DOCTOR (*going close to MORREY and closely scrutinizing him through his glasses*). Why, yes, you're the young man,

the young lawyer stopping over at the hotel. But I thought you——

MORREY. I had intended leaving this afternoon but I overlooked delivering a paper to our client, Miss Bedell, so I thought——

DOCTOR. She's inside now. I'll call her. (*Calling off L.*) Arletta! Arletta! Somebody to see you.

(JIM GRAINGER now appears at window, looks in, then slowly withdraws, going R.)

MORREY (*to DOCTOR*). They told me at her home I'd likely find her here.

DOCTOR. She's coming now.

ENTER ARLETTA BEDELL D. R., followed by PROFESSOR WINKLER.

DOCTOR (*to ARLETTA*). This gentleman Mr.—Mr.—(*Referring to MORREY*)

MORREY (*handing DOCTOR card*). Morrey, is the name.

DOCTOR (*glancing at card*). Oh yes—how stupid of me. Morrey, to be sure. (*To ARLETTA*) Anyway, he wants to see you. (*Goes up to window and looks off L.*)

ARLETTA (*to MORREY*). What's happened?

MORREY (*taking papers from pockets*). I neglected to deliver these securities with the others last evening. (*Hands papers to her*) That completes the list.

ARLETTA (*taking them*). Oh, all right. Much obliged for your trouble in comin' here.

MORREY. You'll hear from the Firm with regard to the other matter in a few days.

ARLETTA. Very well. (*Shows PROFESSOR papers and he eagerly looks over her shoulder at same*)

MORREY. And now I'll have to be making tracks for that train.

DOCTOR. What's your hurry? (*Coming down*) Won't you stay for supper? My wife's got up something of a spread.

MORREY. No thank you. I'd like to, but you see, if I miss this train——

ARLETTA (*interrupting*). Mr. Morrey comes all the way from New York, yer know.

DOCTOR. I see.

MORREY. Good afternoon, everybody. (*Offering KITTY his hand*) Good by. I'll let you know if anything turns up.

(PROFESSOR *noting MORREY's attention to KITTY. Gives a long whistle.*)

MORREY. Good by—good by. [EXIT D. C.]

ALL (*calling after him*). Good by—good by.

ARLETTA (*proudly*). He's managing clerk of my lawyers down to York.

DOCTOR (*suddenly, remembering KITTY*). Oh say, I didn't introduce you. (*To ARLETTA*) Arletta, this is Kitty Mason, the little girl from the circus, whom I intend to adopt. (*To KITTY*) Kitty, this is—(*referring to ARLETTA*) Miss Bedell, the richest woman in town.

KITTY (*warmly to ARLETTA*). I'm pleased to meet you. (*Offers hand*)

ARLETTA (*coldly, refusing to take her hand*). How do. (*Turns her back to KITTY*) Guess I'll return to the parlor, it's a little chilly here. [EXIT D. L.]

DOCTOR (*suppressing his anger. Introducing PROFESSOR*). Kitty, this is Professor Winkler of the Board of Education. (*KITTY offers hand as before*)

PROF. (*imitating ARLETTA's manner*). How do. (*Turns on heel. Turns coat collar up*) I feel that chill too.

[EXIT D. L. *pompously*.]

DOCTOR (*looking after them*). Well, hang me—if they weren't Susan's friends, I'd kick them both into the road.

KITTY (*sadly*). Guess it's because I belonged to the circus.

DOCTOR. It makes no difference what you've been. You're human same's the rest of us, and to be treated that way is not right, and by thunder I'll not stand it! (*With arm uplifted*)

ENTER JIM GRAINGER D. C.

JIM. Afternoon, Doctor.

DOCTOR (*turning and resuming composure*). Hello, Mr. Grainger.

JIM. I jes' dropped in ter say good by to Kitty 'cause I'm leavin' on the next train.

DOCTOR (*placing hand in pocket*). Got enough money?

JIM. Yes, thankee. The young lawyer feller fixed me up with that.

DOCTOR. Nice young man, that. Well then, I'll leave you two together. If I don't see you again, take care of yourself.

JIM. Much obliged, Doctor.

[EXIT DOCTOR D. L.]

KITTY. I'm so glad to see you, Jim; but so sorry we're going to be separated for the first time since I kin remember.

JIM. Mebbe it's all fer the best, anyway. You've landed in a good home here; the Doctor's on the square, and you'll get a chance to amount ter somethin' in the world.

KITTY (*wiping eyes. Brokenly*). And you, Jim?

JIM. I'm going back and start all over again. I'll land with some show sooner or later and get on my feet again. I'll keep you posted as to how I'm gettin' on, but don't think I've forgotten you, when I don't write, 'cause you know I ain't a great hand at slinging the ink.

KITTY (*offering hand*). I wish you all the luck going, Jim.

JIM (*eagerly taking it*). Don't I know that, Kit? And now I'll have ter be gettin'. (*Taking her in his arms*) Good by, little girl—

ENTER SAMMY SELLERS D. R.

JIM (*kissing KITTY*). Good by.

SAMMY (*loudly*). Go right ahead, don't mind me.

(JIM and KITTY draw apart in confusion.)

SAMMY (*C. staggered*). It, it ain't—! (*Speechless. Looking in amazement from one to the other. Then, as truth dawns upon him. Pointing at JIM*) You were the clown and you—(*Pointing at KITTY*) the Queen of the Arena! I saw you both in the show last night!

(*Rumble of train heard in the distance gradually growing louder and louder. This effect can be produced by rubbing two sheets of sandpaper together.*)

JIM. More'n likely yer did. (*To KITTY*) That's my train. I've got a be movin'. (*Going up*) So long, Kit, so long.

[EXIT hurriedly D. C.]

SAMMY (*hurrying up to D. C. and looking after him*). Hey, hold on there. I want to learn how to be a—(*After a pause*) He's gone!

(*Train effect has now ceased and after an instant's pause, commences again, this time gradually growing less and less in sound, until it dies out in the distance.*)

SAMMY (*finally coming down. To KITTY*). Say, what you doin' here?

KITTY. Why, the Doctor's going to let me live here.

SAMMY. He is? (*Starts to jump up and down, wildly waving hat*). Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

KITTY (*anxiously*). Why, what's the matter?

SAMMY (*all enthusiastic*). You can teach me how to

tumble, how to ride and everything like that. I want to join a circus. I want to be a clown.

KITTY (*worried*). But the Doctor?

SAMMY. He's my uncle. Oh, you've got to help me. This is the chance I've been waitin' for. There's a big spare room up-stairs, right over this one. You can teach me there.

KITTY. But—

SAMMY (*hurriedly*). Never mind no "buts." My name's Samuel. You jes' call me Sammy fer short. I'm going to be your friend and I want you to be mine.

KITTY. What will the Doctor say?

SAMMY. He'll be tickled to death. Why, he wants me to learn it. You'll teach me how to tumble, won't you?

KITTY. If you think the Doctor really won't—

SAMMY (*emphatically*). Aw, it's all settled. (*Seizing her by hand and dragging her R.*) Come on!

KITTY. But I can't run away like this. Your aunt told me to wait here.

SAMMY. I tell you what. During supper, when all the folks are seated at the table, that'll be the best time. I'll be waiting for you up-stairs, so when you hear my whistle, you'll know it's all right.

KITTY (*worried*). Don't you think—

SAMMY. Now don't go thinking again. If you want to be a friend of mine—when I blow the whistle—why you'll be on the job. (*Looking around*) S—h. The old lady!

ENTER MRS. GILBERT, D. R.

MRS. G. There, dear, your room is ready. (*To SAMMY*) Sammy, you'd better help Rosie with the wood.

SAMMY. Yes, mam. (*At D. R. in whispers to KITTY*) Now don't forget—when I blow the whistle. [EXIT D. R.]

MRS. G. (*at D. L.*). Come, Arletta, Professor, everybody. Supper's ready. (*Arranges chairs at table*)

ENTER ARLETTA and PROFESSOR D. L. arm in arm, followed by DOCTOR GILBERT.

MRS. G. (*to ARLETTA*). Sit here, Arletta. (*To PROFESSOR*) And you here, Professor. (*Offers him chair*)

PROF. Thank you so much.

MRS. G. (*to DOCTOR*). Where can Zeke be? (*Goes up to D. C. and calls off*) Oh Zeke! Zeke! Supper's ready.

DOCTOR (*to MRS. G.*). All the good you're hollering will do, with him deaf and dumb.

ENTER ROSIE D. L. *with a large platter which she places on table and then* EXITS D. L.

DOCTOR (*seating at table. To others*). Now don't be on ceremony, but help yourselves.

MRS. G. (*comes down. To KITTY*). You, dear, will have to wait for the second table.

KITTY. Yes, mam.

(MRS. G. *goes up and joins others at table. Whistle heard off* D. C.)

KITTY (*nervously. Aside*). That's Sammy's whistle! What shall I do?

(*After a brief pause, whistle is heard again.*)

KITTY. Perhaps after all I'd better go. He might get angry. (*Looks around and then observes that the others are busily eating*) [EXIT *cautiously* D. C.]

(*At table, ALL loudly converse with gesticulation.*)

PROF. (*heard above the din*). There's no use talking, things have come to a pretty pass when this government—

ENTER ZEKE TRIMBLE, D. C.

(DOCTOR *beckons ZEKE and points at table. ZEKE hurriedly sits on chair L. of table and immediately adjusts napkin about neck and greedily helps himself to various dishes and begins devouring food, much to the discomfiture of PROFESSOR and ARLETTA, seated on either side of him.*)

(*Dull thumping sound heard as if from above.*)

ALL (*stop eating*). What was that?

MRS. G. Sounded as if it came from the spare room upstairs.

DOCTOR (*after a pause*). Guess it's nothing.

(*They resume eating. After a moment the thumping is repeated.*)

MRS. G. (*rising*). There it goes again!

PROF. (*nervously*). What can it be?

ARLETTA (*to PROFESSOR*). Maybe an earthquake!

DOCTOR (*calling aloud*). Rosie! Rosie! Come here at once!

ENTER ROSIE D. R.

ROSIE. Did you call?



DOCTOR (*to ROSIE*). Quick, go up-stairs and ascertain the cause of that outlandish noise.

ROSIE. Chessir.

[EXIT, *hurriedly* D. R.]

DOCTOR. Resume your places. We'll soon know what it is.

ARLETTA (*all of a tremble*). Oh, I'm so nervous.

PROF. (*equally as nervous. In trembling voice*). Calm yourself, my dear. Whatever it is, remember *I* am with you.

(*Sounds repeated, this time much louder than before.*)

SAMMY (*heard off stage*). Hurrah! Hurrah! I did it! I did it! Here it goes again!

(*An instant's pause, and then a tremendous thud, and a large quantity of ceiling presumably falls on table and covers diners. This effect can be produced by hanging a large box or canvas bag filled with sawdust, between the second and third borders, with a string attached to a lid or slit, so that at the given moment, it can be released.*)

ALL (*in great confusion*). The ceiling has fallen! Whatever can have happened?

ENTER ROSIE and KITTY, each supporting one of SAMMY's arms. *He is limp, one eye is blackened, his hair ruffled, his clothing torn and covered with dust, and altogether he presents a sorry spectacle.*

ROSIE. Nodding! (*Referring to SAMMY*) He shust was playing circus!

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

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## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The same, a year later. No change save that the table has been cleared, and a pretty spread now covers it. It is about four o'clock of an afternoon in June. At rise, ZEKE TRIMBLE, DISCOVERED seated in rocker, laboriously writing on slate. ROSIE, with sleeves rolled up, is on her knees, scrubbing in front of fireplace. Beside her, is a wooden pail, in which from time to time, she wrings out wash rag. As she scrubs, hums an air in broken English. ZEKE writes on slate, then nudges ROSIE, to draw her attention.*

ROSIE (*looking around*). Ach! vass ist? (*Observing slate*) Vat, some more? (*Taking slate*) I never get my work

done. (*Reads aloud, from slate*) "I love you from the bottom of my heart." (*Returning slate. Emphatically*) Und I told you a hundred times, I got no use for you.

(ZEKE looks at her in utter amazement, not understanding.)

ROSIE (*loudly in his ear*). I tell you I don't love you, you verstand? (*Looks at him to note effect. ZEKE shakes his head in negative*) Ach! you stupid! (*Loudly in his ear*) I tell you again, it's no use. You are wasting time. (*Then realizing her mistake*) Ach! I fergit. (*Snatching slate from him*) I got to write it on der slate for him. (*Writing laboriously and repeating as she writes, while ZEKE, all anticipation unsuccessfully endeavors to look over her shoulder*) "I tell you I don't—(*Thoughtfully*) Now how you spell love? (*Suddenly*) Oh yes. (*Writing and spelling aloud*) "l-o-f-e—love," dot's it. (*Then reading*) "I tell you I don't lofe you—(*Then adding*) "I lofe only Sammy who is to be my—my—(*Looking up thoughtfully*) Oh, what you call 'im? (*Suddenly*) Oh, yes. (*Writing and spelling*) "Who is to be my—h-u-s-b-i-n." (*Emphatically dotting slate*) So! (*Handing him slate*) Here! Read dot!

(ZEKE reads without change of expression, then rises, makes a profound bow.) [EXIT, pompously D. C.]

ROSIE (*watching him*). Well, did I ever? Und I was afraid it would result in suicide. (*Resuming work*) Vell you never can tell 'bout men folks anyway.

ENTER KITTY MASON, D. C. prettily gowned and carrying school-books in a strap.

KITTY (*to ROSIE*). Hello, Rosie.

ROSIE. Hello, Kitty. School out alretty? Yes?

KITTY. Yep. (*Placing books on table*) Can I help you in any way?

ROSIE. No, I am through right away. Much obliged anyway. (*Finishing*) So, now I am done. (*Rising, pail in hand*)

KITTY (*looking around. To ROSIE*). Say, Rosie, have you seen Sammy?

ROSIE. What for you ask me dot? Since you are in der house, he joost don't ever speaks mit me.

KITTY. Don't be jealous, Rosie, I don't want to take Sammy from you.

ROSIE (*indignant*). No, und you don't could if you would.



KITTY. I only look upon him as a friend, so don't always be angry with me on his account.

ROSIE (*brokenly*). Since he's got circus notions in his head I don't can do noddings mit him.

ENTER MRS. GILBERT, D. R. *unobserved by them*.

KITTY. And that's why I'm so anxious about him. Haven't you seen him since morning?

ROSIE. Why, wasn't he in school?

KITTY. No. (*Then observing MRS. G. clasps hand over mouth*) I should say—yes, he was.

MRS. G. (*coming between them*). In that case, why do you question Rosie?

ROSIE. Ches, mam, why you waste my time?

MRS. G. (*to ROSIE*). That'll do, I'll attend to this. Go about your duties.

ROSIE (*crushed*). Ches, mam. (*At D. R., looking back at KITTY*) Oh, I hate dot circus rider. [EXIT D. R. *angrily*.

MRS. G. (*to KITTY*). Now then, what about Sammy?

KITTY (*troubled*). Nothing, only I—

MRS. G. (*sternly*). Was he, or was he not at school?

KITTY (*troubled*). Why I—

MRS. G. (*stamping foot*). Answer me, yes or no.

KITTY (*after an effort*). Well,—yes, then. (*Looks down and fingers dress*)

MRS. G. I was sure of it. My poor departed sister's child could do no wrong. (*To KITTY*) I need not conceal the fact that I have been greatly disappointed in you. I thought that when the Doctor took you in and gave you shelter, that you would be grateful enough to leave your past life behind you. But no! the very first day, you began by teaching my sister's child the mysteries of the circus arena; to make him dissatisfied with his home and its surroundings; to disgrace us before our old friends.

KITTY (*meekly*). I didn't teach him to—

MRS. G. (*sharply*). Silence! Your whole conduct has been reprehensible! My husband's weakness in bringing you into his house has cost him his prestige in the community, for few parishioners of the church would have the hardihood to call in a physician who harbors a—

KITTY (*emphatically*). Stop. I've heard enough! You've been just this way with me, since the first day I arrived.

MRS. G. And can you blame me, after your disgraceful conduct on that occasion? The time has arrived when the Doctor and I will have to come to an understanding in this

matter; the time when he will have to choose, between his wife and his adopted—— [EXIT D. L.]

KITTY (*looks off after her, then sinks on floor, her head buried in seat of rocker. Sobs loudly*). Oh why, oh why was I ever born!

ENTER DOCTOR GILBERT D. C.

DOCTOR. My! but it's warm! (*Espying KITTY*) Hello! Hello! what's this? (*Down to KITTY*) Kitty, my girl, why these tears?

KITTY (*drying eyes*). I jes'—I jes' can't help it.

DOCTOR (*glancing toward D. L.*). Not my wife again, not after what I told her?

KITTY (*drying eyes*). I can't blame her, Doctor. Guess she's right after all. Folks around here can't seem to forget the past. All the boys and girls at school turn from me.

DOCTOR (*surprised*). Why, you never told me anything of this.

KITTY (*brokenly*). I didn't want to bother you. But they do, jes' the same. None o' them play with me, but I wouldn't mind that so much if only your wife didn't——

DOCTOR (*emphatically*). I'll speak to her at once, and have it out with her.

KITTY (*catching him by arm*). Oh, don't, Doctor, don't—It's little wonder she doesn't like me, the way the neighbors have lied to her about me. Guess it's time I went away.

DOCTOR (*comforting her*). No, no, Kitty, you mustn't talk like that. You shan't go. No matter what the neighbors say, no matter what my wife says. After all, I am the master here.

ENTER MRS. G. D. L.

DOCTOR (*to MRS. G.*). Did you hear that, Mrs. Gilbert? (*Emphatically*) I am the master here!

MRS. G. (*haughtily*). It isn't necessary to proclaim it from the house tops.

DOCTOR (*to KITTY*). Go to your room and think no more about it. After to-day you will at least have peace in this house or I'll know the reason why.

[EXIT KITTY D. R.]

MRS. G. (*when she is gone*). Is that a declaration of war?

DOCTOR (*turning to her*). I intend to see that the child is treated with kindness under this—my roof.

MRS. G. (*shrugging shoulders*). And how long do you suppose we will continue under this roof at the rate you are going?

DOCTOR (*fiercely*). What do you mean?

MRS. G. I have no quarrel with the child herself, but with her past. Don't you realize that everybody in town is talking about us for keeping her? That most of your old friends have cut us from their list of acquaintances?

DOCTOR. And because of this mere child? It is inconceivable.

MRS. G. Nevertheless it is so. The taint of the circus is upon her——

DOCTOR (*emphatically*). Enough of this. If people are so bigoted, so bereft of human intelligence, we do well to have no friends.

MRS. G. But don't you see? Even your old patients have left you. The thing has spread so that our income has been reduced, making necessary our step of to-day.

DOCTOR (*looking down*). You mean—the mortgage.

MRS. G. Yes.

DOCTOR (*sinking on rocker, his head in his hands*). I had not thought of that, Susan. I had not thought of that.

MRS. G. (*behind him*). Why not send her away to some home——

DOCTOR (*waving her off*). No, no, I couldn't think of it. I gave my promise to a dying man——

MRS. G. A person not even related to her.

DOCTOR (*feelingly*). She's a good little thing, Susan, so honest, so willing to please, so——

MRS. G. You've only known her a year. She may change.

DOCTOR (*up—crossing R.*). The child could never change. She's too grateful for the little I've done for her, she will always remain so,

MRS. G. We shall see—we shall see. (*Turning to him*) You believe her honest?

DOCTOR (*emphatically*). I know she is! She's never so much as told a falsehood.

MRS. G. I have reason to believe she lied to me but a moment ago.

DOCTOR (*turning on her*). That is a hard statement! (*Reluctantly to believe her*) She lied to you?

MRS. G. It was with reference to Sammy's attendance at school to-day. From what I gleaned from a talk between the two girls, I learned that Sammy had played truant this afternoon. When I questioned her, she emphatically stated that Sammy——

DOCTOR. Had attended school. Which is very probable, in view of the fact that I have heard you often repeat——

(*with sarcasm*) "your departed sister's child could do no wrong." (*Glancing off, through window*) But hush, the boy is coming We'll learn the truth from his own lips. (*Finger to lips, imploring her silence*) S—h.

SAMMY SELLERS *passes window and finally ENTERS, D. C. swinging books in strap.*

SAMMY (*beholding them, stops abruptly and looks from one to the other. Suspicious*). Hello, what's up?

DOCTOR. Nothing, Sammy.

SAMMY (*looking from one to the other*). I thought maybe you'd had a spat.

DOCTOR. Which wouldn't have been anything new of late, eh, Sammy? But tell me—(*Hesitating*) Why weren't you at school to-day? (SAMMY *starts*)

MRS. G. (*sharply to DOCTOR*). That's no way to address the boy, as though he'd really done wrong. (*To SAMMY*) You were at school, dear?

SAMMY. Who says I wasn't?

MRS. G. No one, dear, we simply ask you, that's all.

SAMMY. Of course, I was. (*Then doggedly*) That's what a feller gets fer workin' like a slave all day. When he gets home, they ask him if he's been to school—(*With assumed pathos*) jes' as if he hadn't.

MRS. G. (*comforting him*). There, there, Sammy. We believe you. (SAMMY *sobs*)

DOCTOR (*crossing to L.*). I am not so easily convinced. Those tears only weaken the defense.

MRS. G. The lad needs no defense. He was at school.

DOCTOR (*coolly*). And I as firmly believe the contrary.

[EXIT D. L.]

MRS. G. (*angrily*) Oh, what a man! But I shan't give in to him. We must have this out, once and for all times. Oh John! John!

[EXIT, D. L. *hurriedly*.]

SAMMY (*has pretended all the while to be crying, looks up dry-eyed the instant MRS. G. exits*) Now I wonder who in the dickens could have told him?

ENTER KITTY, D. L.

KITTY (*quickly to SAMMY*). Oh, I'm so glad you didn't give it away.

SAMMY (*looking at her*). Give what away?

KITTY. Why, about not being at school. I know it was wrong, very wrong of me to do so, but I told them you'd been there. I wanted to save you, Sammy, I wanted to save you.

SAMMY (*looking at her*). Gee! you're a good old pal, do you know that? I didn't imagine you'd do as much for me. I'd got walloped in great shape if they'd found it out.

KITTY. Promise me, Sammy, you won't do it again.

SAMMY. Well, anyway, not until another circus comes to town.

KITTY. Another circus? Why, you don't mean?

SAMMY. Sure, dere's one to-night. Didn't yer see the bills? All over town. I went on the hook to watch 'em unload the wagons. And what do you think? Bet you can't guess!

KITTY (*enthusiastically clapping hands*). Jim's with it!

SAMMY. With it? He *owns* it!

KITTY (*dazed. Repeating*). Owns it?

SAMMY. Yep, and it's got the old one beat by a mile. I saw him and he asked about you. Wants you to come and see the show to-night. Said he might get up here during the afternoon, but wasn't sure.

KITTY (*overjoyed*). Oh, won't I be glad to see him. How's he looking?

SAMMY. Finer 'n silk!

KITTY. Gee! And has his own show! He always said he'd land it if they'd only give him a chance, but I didn't imagine it would be so soon.

SAMMY. Yes, but he's up against it now. Said business has been bad lately. Heard him tell Tim Heffly, you know him?

KITTY (*impatiently*). The Sheriff! Go on!

SAMMY. Heard him tellin' Tim that he'd sell a half interest in the show for five thousand dollars, which was dead cheap, but that he'd have to get that much soon to keep things alive.

KITTY (*sorrowfully*). Poor Jim.

SAMMY (*sighs*). Gee! don't I wish I had that much money to help him. I'd be a real circus man then, wouldn't I? (*Disconsolately*) But it's no use, I ain't never going to have no luck.

(PROFESSOR is seen passing window.)

KITTY (*suddenly looking back*). The Professor!

SAMMY (*alarmed*). What's he want here? And on this day when I——

KITTY. Mebbe come to find out why you weren't at school.

SAMMY (*despairingly*). That's it—that's it! (*Groans*) It's all over with me now.

(*Knock is heard at D. C.*)

KITTY (*nervously*). With both of us, 'cause I'm in the same boat. What are you going to do?

SAMMY (*looking around. Then to KITTY*). I'm going to hide behind those curtains! (*Hurriedly gets behind curtains. Knock is repeated*)

KITTY (*wildly*). Where will I go?

SAMMY. I don't care where, so long as you don't come here.

KITTY (*espying table*). I have it. (*Gets under same*)

ENTER DOCTOR D. L. *followed by* MRS. GILBERT.

DOCTOR. I don't care what he said, I am still of the opinion that the boy—(*Knock again heard at D. C.*)

MRS. G. There! I told you before, I heard a knock. (*Opens door*)

ENTER PROFESSOR WINKLER, D. C.

MRS. G. Well, of all persons!

PROF. Good afternoon. I had an appointment here to meet Miss Bedell. Perhaps I am a trifle early.

DOCTOR. Arletta hasn't arrived yet.

MRS. G. (*coming down*). Won't you let me take your hat? (*Takes his hat and hangs it on peg at rear*)

PROF. (*stiffly*). Thank you, so much.

DOCTOR. Professor, how are things going over at the school?

PROF. Very well indeed, considering everything.

MRS. G. (*now down L.*). And my ward, little Kitty? How is she doing?

PROF. To speak frankly, she is very industrious and anxious to get on, but the parents of the other scholars—(*Hesitates*)

MRS. G. (*anxiously*). Yes, yes, go on, what about them?

DOCTOR (*stamping foot*). We are not interested as to the other scholars or their parents.

PROF. Just so, just so. (*Then endeavoring to change subject To MRS. G.*) But your nephew Sammy—

(SAMMY comes from behind curtain and goes cautiously over to cupboard.)

DOCTOR. What about him?

PROF. I was a little surprised to-day—

DOCTOR (*anxiously*). Go on, go on,



PROF. I was about to say, it surprised me considerably he wasn't at——

(SAMMY has picked up a plate from cupboard and before the PROFESSOR can say the fatal word, has thrown it on the floor, breaking it; immediately thereafter pretending to be ill.)

SAMMY. Oh I'm so sick, I'm so sick! (*Sits on couch and kicks legs*)

(ALL direct attention to SAMMY. MRS. G. and DOCTOR quickly on either side of him.)

MRS. G. My poor, poor nephew!

DOCTOR. The boy's got a fit! Quick! get him into my room!

(MRS. G. and DOCTOR excitedly continue remarks and taking hold of SAMMY by arms, get him off L., SAMMY, the while, continuing his groaning and trembling.)

PROF. (*who has nervously watched proceedings, now sits in chair, alongside of table*). My word, what a fright! (*Sighs in relief*) I was very nearly——

KITTY (*bobbing head from under tablecloth and addressing PROFESSOR*). Please, Professor, you've got your foot on my hand!

PROF. (*starts up greatly alarmed, then observing KITTY*). Well, of all persons!

KITTY (*out from under table*). I thought you'd spoil it all just now. Sammy went to the circus and when you were going to tell about his not being at school, he had to throw that fit.

PROF. (*indignant*). I see! I see! A ruse, eh? Well I shall have to inform the Doctor! (*Starts L.*)

KITTY (*catching him by arm*). If you do, I'll do a little informing on my own account.

PROF. (*haughtily*). I don't understand you, Miss——

KITTY. Oh, don't you? Then I'll speak plainly. (*Pointedly*) You happen to be in love with a certain wealthy party, which a certain party wouldn't be overpleased to know you sent another certain party a large bouquet of flowers last week, while she was stopping at the Lake Hotel.

PROF. (*his eyes blinking. Clearing throat*). That lady, Miss, was——

KITTY (*interrupting him*). Neither your sister, your cousin, or anything of the sort. Oh, I've got my facts right.

(*Winks knowingly at him, than close to him, looking up into his face Quietly*) So what is it to be?

PROF. Well, really, I don't know what to say.

KITTY. Then I'll say it for you. Just you keep quiet when they do their quizzin', and if it gets too hot for you, why, it's a great deal cooler on the outside. Understand?

PROF. You have the remarkable faculty of making things particularly clear to one. You can rely on my silence if on your part, you promise——

KITTY. I won't say a word.

PROF. Thank you so much. I think we understand each other. (*Bows*) [EXIT D. L.]

KITTY. Reckon he'll keep mum all right. (*Turning to books*) And now to get at my lessons. (*Removing strap*) What will I study first? (*Knock heard at D. C.*) Come in!

ENTER RICHARD MORREY D. C.

KITTY. Mr. Morrey!

MORREY (*down to her*). Why not call me Dick? (*KITTY turns away*)

MORREY. What have I done, that you should have ignored my letters all these months? For surely you must have received them?

KITTY (*looking down*). Yes, yes, but I didn't dare answer them for fear——

MORREY (*puzzled*). For fear of what?

KITTY. Oh, don't let them see you talking to me. It might get you into trouble. (*Nervously*) Whatever made you come here, anyway?

MORREY. Business with the Doctor, for one thing. He is to make a mortgage to our client, Miss Bedell.

KITTY. A mortgage? What is that?

MORREY. Why, she is to loan him a certain sum of money, and he in return will sign several papers. In the event he fails to pay the money when it becomes due, he agrees that his homestead here is to revert,—or rather go to the mortgagee, my client. That's about it, when stripped of legal phraseology.

KITTY. People don't make those things, those mortgages, do they? Unless they're gettin' mighty poor?

MORREY (*laughing lightly*). Oh, I don't know. Very likely, in the Doctor's case, he requires the money to invest in other securities.

KITTY (*brokenly*). Oh, I reckon I know the cause,—it's me! (*Sinking on couch*)—me!—me!



MORREY. Nonsense, little one. How could you fancy such a thing?

KITTY. Oh, you don't know all the trouble I've brought on them.

MORREY. Why, I can't imagine what—

KITTY. And I can't tell you jes' now. (*Wiping eyes*) Let's talk o' somethin' else. (*Changing subject*) Tell me, did you find out anything about those papers?

MORREY. I've had some little success which argues well for the future; but I can't make anything known to you until I have positive results. Shattered hopes, you know, are nearly always irreparable.

KITTY. Whatever that may mean.

ENTER DOCTOR GILBERT D. C.

DOCTOR. Ah, Morrey, got here I see.

MORREY. Yes, and I should like to return on that next train, if possible.

DOCTOR. We won't detain you. Miss Bedell hasn't arrived as yet, but I might be looking over the papers.

MORREY. A good idea. (*Offering him large envelope*) You'll find everything in there.

DOCTOR. If you'll step into the other room, we can attend to their execution. [EXIT D. L.]

MORREY (*to KITTY*). See you by and by. [EXIT D. L.]

KITTY (*sighs*). It's all my fault, all my fault. (*Goes to table, seats and taking up book, begins to study*)

(ARLETTA BEDELL *passes window, stopping long enough to look in at KITTY, then noiselessly ENTERS D. C.*)

KITTY (*starting up*). My! How you frightened me!

ARLETTA (*with sarcasm*). Must have somethin' on yer conscience, then.

KITTY. Oh, it isn't that. Where I come from people usually knock on doors.

ARLETTA (*bitterly*). Where you come from, you little brat, they don't usually have any door. Readin' one o' them trashy novels again, eh? I should think the Doctor would— (*Snatching book from her hand and glancing at it*) Arithmetic. (*Throwing book on table*) Much need you'll have o' arithmetic in the circus.

KITTY (*up—angrily*). See here, Miss Bedell. I've stood your insults as long as I'm going to!

ARLETTA (*surprised*). Dear me, what a temper!

KITTY (*worked up*). You and your kind have been most unchristian in your treatment of me, but I don't mind what's past and gone and don't hold it agin you; but for the future, and from this very moment, I give you warning I'll stand no more of it.

(ARLETTA *looks at her contemptuously an instant, then turns on her heel*) [EXIT D. L. *majestically*.

KITTY (*stands as if rooted, looking after her, then as she realizes what she has done*). There! I've done it at last. I shouldn't have spoken the way I did, but I jes' couldn't restrain myself. She'll tell the Doctor and then—and then——

ENTER JIM GRAINGER, D. C.

JIM (*in loud whisper*). Kitty, my gal!

KITTY (*turning. Overjoyed*). Jim! (*Throws herself into his outstretched arms*) How glad I am to see you.

JIM. Made up my mind I'd get a peep at you, if it cost me the show. (*Standing her off and looking her over*) You're lookin' like a two-year-old. Fine and dandy!

KITTY (*looking him over*). And you, Jim! My! how you've changed!

JIM (*turns around, finally striking pose*). Think so? Well, I've landed it!

KITTY. So I heard. I'm so glad.

JIM. But things ain't goin' right, Kit. I need a feature act. Gee, if only you were with me! (*Then quickly adding*) But I mustn't talk like that. I mustn't spoil your chances. You'd better stay where your bread is buttered. You're better off where you are.

KITTY. Oh, how I'd like to come to the show to-night, but Mrs. Gilbert would be angry.

JIM. And I suppose if she saw me here, she'd go up in the air. Well I won't get you into trouble, Kit. So I'll jes' say——

KITTY (*suddenly grasping his arm and looking L.*). Listen! (*Then nervously*) Oh it's too late! They're coming!

JIM. I'll jes' get behind here, until the coast is clear. Don't worry about me, Kit. I won't give you away. I'll get off without them seein' me the minute I get a chance. (*Gets behind curtain. KITTY goes nervously, to mantel and pretends to be busy arranging vases thereon*)

ENTER DOCTOR GILBERT D. L., *followed by MORREY and ARLETTA.*

DOCTOR. I didn't think Susan would get so agitated over this transaction. Thank goodness it's done, at last. (*Handing MORREY papers*) Here are the papers, Morrey, all properly signed.

SAMMY ENTERS *at D. C. and observing them, remains at door, watching developments.*

ARLETTA (*taking money from pocketbook and handing to DOCTOR*). And there's the money, jes' as I got it from the bank.

DOCTOR (*quietly*). Five thousand dollars! That's a whole lot o' money.

SAMMY (*unseen by others, up at back. Aside*). Five thousand dollars!

MORREY. Especially to keep in one's home, overnight.

ARLETTA. Too bad, it's arter bankin' hours.

DOCTOR (*placing money in drawer of cupboard*). I'll be rid of the responsibility in the morning.

[EXIT SAMMY *noiselessly D. C.*

MORREY. Well, now that everything's settled, I'll take my leave.

DOCTOR. Much obliged to you for all your trouble.

MORREY. None at all,—none at all. (*Bowing to ARLETTA*) Good afternoon, Miss Bedell.

KITTY (*to MORREY*). I'll see you as far as the gate.

MORREY. Thank you so much. (*To others*) Good day.  
[EXIT D. C. *with KITTY.*

ARLETTA. It was unwise of you to let the girl see you put that money away.

DOCTOR. Nonsense. Arletta, do you suppose I don't know her after she's been with me a whole year?

ARLETTA. Well, I wouldn't be too trustin'. Yer never can tell about folks as ain't your own flesh and blood.

DOCTOR (*laughing*). You women are all alike. First impressions are always lasting. I must tell Susan that you have joined the ranks against me. [EXIT D. L. *laughing.*

ARLETTA (*bitterly*). Laugh if you will, but you'll find out some day, I ain't been far from right. [EXIT D. L.

JIM (*slowly out from behind curtains*). What a temptation to set afore a man what's down. That five thousand would put me right. Save the show! (*Up to D. L. anxiously glances off, then over to cupboard, cautiously opens drawer, then stops*) But it would ruin Kitty! (*Emphatically clos-*

*ing drawer*) Jim Grainger ain't fallen as low as that. I won't do it! (*Hoarsely*) Who's that? (*Cautiously behind curtains again*)

ENTER SAMMY SELLERS *noiselessly* D. C.

(SAMMY *halts at door and listens, then slowly down to cupboard; glances around room, then opens drawer. KITTY passes window, glancing in, starts as she observes SAMMY, then noiselessly ENTERS D. C. coming down c. SAMMY breathing hard finally locates money.*)

SAMMY. At last! At last! (*Turns L. and comes face to face with KITTY. Hoarsely*) Kitty! That you?

KITTY. What do you mean to do with that money?

SAMMY (*guiltily*). Why, I——

KITTY (*her hand on his arm*). You've got to put it back, Sammy. You've got to put it back.

SAMMY (*protesting*). It'll give me a chance to buy——

KITTY (*firmly*). Put it back, Sammy, for my sake. You'll ruin your Uncle, break your Aunt's heart. Put it back, Sammy, put it back.

SAMMY (*struggling with her*). No, no, Kitty. Let me go! Let me go, I say!

KITTY (*firmly*). Not unless you put it back!

(*Voices heard off L.*)

SAMMY (*wildly*). They're coming! Please let me go!

KITTY (*finally gets money away from SAMMY*). Now, go!

[EXIT SAMMY, quickly D. C.]

KITTY (*money in hand, quickly makes toward cupboard*). Thank heaven, I will be able to save him!

ENTER ARLETTA BEDELL, D. L.

ARLETTA (*observing KITTY*). I thought so! (*Calling off*) Doctor! Professor! Everybody!

ENTER DOCTOR D. L. *followed by* PROFESSOR and MRS. GILBERT; ROSIE and ZEKE D. R.

DOCTOR (*anxiously*). What is it?

ARLETTA. Didn't I tell you the gal wasn't to be trusted?

DOCTOR (*crossing to KITTY*). You don't mean—(*Taking hold of KITTY's hand and learning the truth*) My God! You were right, after all! (*Roughly snatching money from her*) My eyes have been opened at last.

KITTY (*R. piteously*). Let me explain, please let me explain.

DOCTOR (*seizing her by wrists and putting her c.*). Stand

aside! I am blind no longer! (*Bitterly to MRS. GILBERT*) You were right from the first. I owe you an apology. It seems I never really knew the girl.

KITTY (*pleadingly*). If you but knew the truth,—if I dared speak. I did not take the money.

DOCTOR (*turning on her*). Don't, don't add a falsehood to what has gone before. I believed I could trust you but I find I was mistaken. (*Pointing to D. C.*) Out! Out of here! I never want to see your face again!

KITTY (*pleading*). Oh, Doctor! Doctor! have mercy!

DOCTOR. Be gone! Leave my house! Your place is in the street!

JIM (*out from behind curtain*). Her place is with me!

(*ALL are staggered.*)

DOCTOR. With you? You? And who, sir, might *you* be?

JIM. I thought you wouldn't know me. I'm Jim Grainger, owner of "The Big Show" and since you've all got tired of the girl, I'll take her back where she came from. (*Assisting the sobbing KITTY to feet*) Come, Kitty, let's be on our way. (*At door*) I know the gal spoke the truth about that money. But there's no use in tryin' to convince yer, when you all are banded against her. But before I go I just want to say, you've made a terrible mistake, and that you'll all be sorry fer this some day! (*To KITTY*) Come on, Kit, come on!

(*His arm about KITTY, leads her off D. C., passing window, while others stand as if rooted, hardly realizing what has transpired.*)

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

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### ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as before. Six months later. It is about nine o'clock on Christmas eve. Snow on window at back. Lamp lighted on table. Fire in fireplace. ROSIE DISCOVERED seated at table arranging tinsel or other decoration for a Christmas tree.*

ROSIE. Well, we will have a Christmas tree to-morrow, even if we can't afford a turkey.

ENTER ZEKE TRIMBLE D. C. *carrying wood in his arms.*  
*His shoulders are covered with snow.*

ROSIE (*up to him*). Here, let me help you. (*Takes wood from him and places it alongside of fireplace, meanwhile ZEKE removes mittens and blows on fingers*)

ROSIE. I guess you are pretty cold, eh? It is blowing out. (*Takes hold of end of muffler, and turns him around, removing it*) So! Dot is more like it. (*Assists him off with coat*)

(ZEKE *crosses to fireplace and warms his hands.* MRS. GILBERT *is heard off L. calling aloud.* Rosie! Rosie!)

ROSIE (*hanging ZEKE's things on pegs at rear*). Ach, now I wonder what's up.

ENTER MRS. GILBERT D. L. *with a skein of yarn.*

MRS. G. (*espying ROSIE*). Oh, I thought you'd gone upstairs.

ROSIE. I was getting der tings ready for der tree.

MRS. G. (*sighs*). You poor little thing. I'm so sorry we couldn't afford one and that you had to spend your own money.

ROSIE. Oh, dot don't make no difference. It wouldn't be Christmas mitout one. Someding I can do for you?

MRS. G. You might unravel this for me, if you will. (*Holding out yarn*)

ROSIE (*taking it*). Sure, und Zeke, he can help me.

MRS. G. That's right. (*Goes to window and looks off L.*)

(ROSIE *goes down to ZEKE, forces him into rocker, places his hands in position and stretches yarn over them. Then goes up and gets a chair, which she places c. Begins to wind yarn into a ball.*)

MRS. G. (*looking off*). My! What a night! (*To ROSIE*) Where did Sammy say he was going?

ROSIE (*winding yarn*). To der post-office.

MRS. G. Poor boy. Whatever can have put that into his head? We expect no letters. I do hope he returns shortly. It's blowing quite hard.

ROSIE. He must come soon back, now. Der post-office closes at nine. (*Impatiently to ZEKE*) Oh, don't hold your hands so close together—make them farther between—so—(*Illustrates. ZEKE stretches yarn to its limit, ROSIE continues winding the yarn*)



MRS. G. (*comes down R. of ROSIE*). The past six months have brought many changes, haven't they, Rosie?

ROSIE. Ach! Cheer up, Mrs. Gilbert, never mind. You are too sad lately. Be of good cheer, anyway, on dis night.

MRS. G. (*sighs*). I dare say you are right. I thought when Kitty left us things would go differently with the Doctor, but it seems it wasn't all her fault after all that the Doctor lost his patients. The young physicians in town, with their new ideas are the ones. The Doctor is too old-fashioned, too set in his views, too old to cope with them.

ROSIE (*feelingly*). Never mind. Better times will come.

MRS. G. (*shaking head*). I like to think so, Rosie, but it's hard—it's hard. (*About to break down*)

ROSIE. Never mind, Mrs. Gilbert. Whatever happens, I never leave you.

MRS. G. (*drying eyes*). You are a good girl, Rosie, a good girl. [EXIT D. L.]

(*Meanwhile, ZEKE has fallen asleep. ROSIE digs him in ribs. ZEKE starts up.*)

ROSIE (*winding yarn*). You are always sleeping—when you ain't awake. (*Emphatically*) Hold your hands closer apart. (*Shows him how. Then as he stretches yarn. Irritated*) No, no! not so far together! (*Places his hands right*)

ENTER SAMMY SELLERS, D. C. *His shoulders are covered with snow.*

ROSIE (*turning around*). Oh, hello, Sammy. (*Placing ball of yarn in ZEKE's lap, rises and goes to SAMMY*) Did you get a letter?

SAMMY (*disconsolately*). Nope.

(*During the following, ZEKE holds yarn as before, and gradually as his arms grow tired, he shows the agony he is undergoing, by the various expressions of pain on his face, and the writhing of his legs.*)

ROSIE (*to SAMMY*). See, I told you Kitty didn't care dot much for you. (*Snaps her fingers*)

SAMMY. Oh, it wasn't that. I knew it right along.

ROSIE (*surprised*). Why I thought you—

SAMMY. Oh, I never had a chance with her against that young lawyer feller.

ROSIE (*surprised*). Der young laywer?



SAMMY. Yep. I saw him kiss her at the gate, the day she went away.

ROSIE. Well, well. Den why are you so anxious about der letter?

SAMMY. Oh, I can't tell you now, but you can pretty near guess, when I tell you I was the cause of her going away.

ROSIE. No!

SAMMY. You'll hear it all in good time. I can't keep it back much longer. I'll make a clean breast of it to-night.

(ZEKE yawns loudly.)

SAMMY (*starts*). What was that?

ROSIE (*observing ZEKE*). Oh, only Zeke. I forgot 'bout him. (*Resumes winding yarn*)

SAMMY (*anxiously*). Where's Doc?

ROSIE. In der other room mit your aunt.

SAMMY. I don't want to see them jes' now. I'll be in my own room if they want me. [EXIT D. R.]

ROSIE (*nodding head*). I don't know what's got into him of late.

ENTER MRS. GILBERT D. L.

MRS. G. (*to ROSIE*). Through, Rosie?

ROSIE (*winding hurriedly*). Shust on der wind-up. (*Finishing*) Now I am done. (*To ZEKE*) So, now you can sleep all you want to, and more besides. (*Hands ball to MRS. GILBERT*)

(ZEKE yawns, rises and stretches.) [EXIT D. L.]

MRS. G. I thought I heard Sammy's voice.

ROSIE. Ches, mam, he shust went up-stairs.

MRS. G. (*looking off R.*). What's got into the boy?

ENTER DOCTOR GILBERT D. L. *He has aged considerably since previous act.*

ROSIE. Doctor! (*Quickly to his side and assists him to rocker*)

DOCTOR. Thank you, dear, thank you.

ROSIE (*going up to table and taking up decorations*). Und now, I finish me der tree. [EXIT D. L.]

DOCTOR (*to MRS. GILBERT*). My dear, it has just occurred to me that we haven't paid the interest to Arletta.

MRS. G. (*sadly*). I know that, John. It became due on the first of the month. But she has plenty, she will be patient; at least, until things change for the better.

DOCTOR (*sighs*). Alas, I'm afraid the future holds nothing but trouble in store for us.

MRS. G. (*her arms about his neck*). Don't despair, John. Everything will come out right.

DOCTOR. I hope so, dear, I hope so. (*Knock is heard at D. C.*)

MRS. G. Who can that be? (*Goes up to door and opens it*)

ENTER RICHARD MORREY, D. C. *Snow is on his shoulders.*

MRS. G. (*surprised*). Mr. Morrey!

MORREY. I dare say my visit surprises you.

MRS. G. You are quite welcome. Please come in. (*Closes door after him*)

MORREY (*to DOCTOR*). Ah, Doctor. (*Shakes his hand and then begins to remove gloves*)

MRS. G. (*brings chair down C.*). Won't you be seated?

MORREY. Thank you. (*Sits*) I shouldn't have come on this night, but to-morrow is the one day in the year when all should be happy.

MRS. G. (*quickly*). Yes, yes, go on, go on.

MORREY. I have good news for your little ward, for Kitty.

MRS. G. (*seated on couch*). For Kitty?

DOCTOR (*quietly*). She, sir, is no longer my ward, she is——

MORREY (*rising*). You don't mean to infer that she——

MRS. G. She left our roof right after your last visit.

MORREY (*surprised*). You astound me!

DOCTOR. I drove her out of my house, sir.

ENTER SAMMY SELLERS *slowly* D. R.

(SAMMY, *observing MORREY, remains in the background, listening intently.*)

MRS. G. (*to MORREY*). We will spare you a recital of all the disagreeable features connected with her departure. Suffice it to say, the Doctor could pursue no other course. It was the only thing——

MORREY (*dazed*). But her whereabouts? Where is she?

DOCTOR. That, sir, we do not know.

MORREY (*crushed*). Then I was too late after all.

MRS. G. She left with the circus. Perhaps——

MORREY (*anxiously*). Yes, yes,—what circus?

MRS. G. I hardly remember. You know we are not familiar with such things.

SAMMY (*down R.*). I can tell you. She went with Grainger, Jim Grainger of the Grainger's Big Show.

MORREY. Then God knows what's become of her.

(*Sleigh-bells heard off in the distance gradually growing louder and louder, finally coming to a stop.*)

SAMMY (*anxiously*). Why, what do you mean?

MORREY. Receiving no reply to my letters addressed to her here, I thought of Grainger, but learned that his enterprise had met an untimely end, some months ago, out West. (*Disconsolately*) Oh, I'm so sorry my mission has come to such an end. How happy I could have made her! How happy indeed!

(*Knock is heard at D. C. MRS. GILBERT opens the door.*)

ENTER PROFESSOR WINKLER and ARLETTA BEDELL, *arm in arm. Their shoulders are covered with snow.*

ARLETTA. } Merry Christmas, everybody!  
 PROF. }

ARLETTA. A little ahead o' time, but better early than never.

MRS. G. Where in the world have you come from?

ARLETTA. New York. Just returned from our honeymoon.

MORREY (*consulting watch*). As I understand it, there's another train at—

DOCTOR. Eleven-thirty.

MORREY (*buttoning coat*). I can about make that, I fancy. Sorry my trip proved fruitless. Good-night, everybody. Wish you all a merry Christmas. [EXIT, D. C.]

(MRS. GILBERT *closes door after him*. SAMMY *crosses to window and anxiously looks off after him*.)

DOCTOR (*to ARLETTA*). Thought you knew Mr. Morrey?

ARLETTA (*haughtily*). Used to, but no more. No, siree, no more!

MRS. G. (*coming down*). Why, what's the matter?

ARLETTA (*seating on chair C.*). Well, I'll tell you. When we went to New York, natchelly I thought my lawyers would be jes' the folks to show us around. Well, do you know, they treated us so chilly like and made so many excuses about bein' busy and sech, that I jes' got riled up and told 'em I'd get other people to do my work hereafter. And mind you, what do you think they said?

MRS. G. Can't imagine.

ARLETTA (*with flashing eyes*). "Go ahead." That's what they said.

DOCTOR. That's why you don't speak as you pass by.

ARLETTA. But Oscar here—(*referring to PROFESSOR, who stands alongside of her*) and me, got along first rate. We saw the Eden Musee; the—the—(*turning to PROFESSOR*) what do they call that other thing where they keep all the fishes?

PROF. The aquarium, my dear, the aquarium.

ARLETTA. That's it! (*All smiles*) Ain't it handy to have an intelligent man like Oscar for a husband?

PROF. (*bows pompously*). You flatter me, my dear.

ARLETTA. Landsakes, I don't know how I ever got along without him, all these years. (*Continuing*) And Fifth Avenue, we saw that. And mind you, the opree!

DOCTOR (*surprised*). The opera? (ARLETTA and PROFESSOR *bow proudly*)

ARLETTA. We saw everything, but the opree cost us the most, as we had to get special clothes to attend.

MRS. G. Special clothing?

ARLETTA. Yes, don't you know? Night clothes.

PROF. (*reprovingly*). Evening dress, my dear, evening dress.

ARLETTA. That's them. And I tell you, we showed up as good as any of 'em, if I say so myself. Had everybody looking at us. (*Rises*) We wore them over to show you. (*Throwing shawl and coat open and striking poses*) Here they are!

MRS. G. (*surprised*). Well, well, well!

ARLETTA (*to PROFESSOR, removing shawl*). Take off your overcoat, so's they can get a good view.

(PROFESSOR *proudly removes overcoat*.)

MRS. G. You certainly have become citified.

ARLETTA. Oscar and me is thinking seriously of moving to the city fer good.

DOCTOR. No!

ARLETTA. Yep! Things are too plum slow in these parts fer such as us. [EXIT SAMMY *slowly* D. R.]

ARLETTA. Besides, city life agrees with me. Why you never saw nothing like the crowds. Fair day hereabouts ain't a patch to it.

ENTER ROSIE D. L.

ROSIE (*to MRS. GILBERT*). Blease, mam, der Christmas tree is lighted.

MRS. G. Very well, dear. [EXIT ROSIE D. L.]

ARLETTA (*surprised*). Landsakes, you must have a lot o' money to waste, havin' a tree.

MRS. G. (*hanging PROFESSOR's coat and hat on hooks at rear*). It's Rosie's. She got it up herself. Won't you come in and look at it?

PROF. Shall we, Arletta?

ARLETTA (*thoughtfully*). Jes' as you say, Oscar, but I know it'll look mighty tame after all the things we seen in New York. [EXIT D. L., *arm in arm with* PROFESSOR.]

MRS. G. (*to DOCTOR*). Won't you come in, John?

DOCTOR. No, dear, I'd rather remain by the fire.

[EXIT MRS. GILBERT, D. L.]

DOCTOR. What could he have wanted with the girl, I wonder? Something of importance, I venture, to bring him here on such a night as this. (*Knock is heard at D. C.*) Come in!

ENTER KITTY MASON and JIM GRAINGER, D. C. *Snow covers their shoulders.*

DOCTOR (*rising unsteadily. Gasps*). Kitty!

KITTY (*coming down*). Why, ain't you glad to see us?

DOCTOR (*recovering composure*). What brought you here?

JIM (*surprised*). What brought us here?

KITTY (*to DOCTOR. Sweetly*). Why, your letter, of course.

ENTER SAMMY SELLERS D. R., *remains unseen in doorway.*

DOCTOR (*puzzled*). My letter? This is some trick. I never wrote you a letter.

KITTY (*trembling*). You must have, for—(*producing crumpled letter and holding it out to him*) here it is.

DOCTOR. There must be some mistake, some serious mistake. (*Taking letter and glancing at it. Starts*) Sammy's handwriting! (*Quickly looking at back of letter*) And my name attached!

SAMMY (*now down R. Quietly*). Yes, I wrote that letter!

DOCTOR (*staggered*). You?

JIM (*starts*). Sammy!

KITTY (*reprovingly to SAMMY*). Oh, how could you deceive us this way? It was wrong of you to bring us here, wrong of you!

DOCTOR (*to KITTY*). You mustn't remain here, child, after what happened on that day when you——

SAMMY. It wasn't Kitty who——

DOCTOR (*stamping foot. Worked up*). Sammy! Let me attend to this.

ENTER MRS. GILBERT D. L., *stands in background*.

SAMMY. That's why I wrote the letter fetching them here. I wanted to tell the truth, to square things for Kitty, 'cause it was all my doings. I tried to steal the money that day and Kitty here, stopped me, took it away from me and saved me from being a thief.

MRS. G. (*brokenly*). What are you saying? What are you saying?

DOCTOR (*to KITTY*). Is this the truth? Speak, child, speak! (*KITTY only bows her head*)

SAMMY. She knows it is, so does Jim here, (*referring to GRAINGER*) so do I! I wanted to join the circus, wanted the money to—(*Turning away, his head buried in his arm*) Oh, why, oh why, didn't I speak before!

DOCTOR (*who has sunk back in rocker*). How we have wronged you, Kitty, how we have wronged you!

KITTY (*kneeling beside him*). That's all right Doc, don't go on so.

DOCTOR (*stroking her head*). And so Sammy's letter, in my name, brought you back to me. You had it in your heart to forgive me, eh?

JIM. Because that letter said *you'd* forgive her.

DOCTOR (*his arm about KITTY*). Alas, I have nothing to forgive. I alone have been at fault, alone must beg forgiveness.

(*Whistle of train heard off in distance and train effect as in first act.*)

SAMMY (*quickly*). The lawyer! I forgot about him! I must stop him leaving on that train! [EXIT D. C.]

MRS. G. (*feelingly*). We owe you much which, in our straitened condition, we can never hope to repay.

KITTY. That's all right. It wasn't your fault. I have myself to blame for everything.

MRS. G. You are too generous, Kitty. We have acted shamefully toward you. I bow my head when I think of it.

DOCTOR (*to JIM*). And you, sir, how have you fared?

JIM (*fingering hat*). The world ain't been extree good ter me o' late. I've lost my all. I'm down and out.

MRS. G. (*sadly*). And still managed to take care of Kitty here. Poor, poor fellow. How I feel for you. (*Crosses to R.*)



ENTER ARLETTA BEDELL *followed by* PROFESSOR.

ARLETTA (*calling*). Susan! Susan! Aren't you—(*Then observing JIM*) Who in the world! (*Then observing KITTY at DOCTOR'S knee*) Do my eyes deceive me? That girl back again?

(PROFESSOR *stands alongside of her, and assumes expression of horror.*)

DOCTOR (*his arm about KITTY*). My daughter has come back to me.

ARLETTA (*surprised*). Well, I like that! (*Her hands in the air*). Yer don't mean ter say, you've taken her into your home again?

DOCTOR. It was wrong of me ever to have sent her away.

PROF. (*in amazement*). My word!

ARLETTA (*turning to MRS. GILBERT*). And what do you think o' that, Susan?

MRS. G. The Doctor is right. We have greatly wronged the child.

ARLETTA. What do you suppose the neighbors will say when they hear it? What do you suppose the——

DOCTOR (*emphatically*). It makes no difference what anyone says. If Kitty desires to remain with us, she is welcome to stay.

KITTY (*warmly*). Oh, thank you so much.

ARLETTA. In that case, we, your old friends, find it necessary to leave at once. (*To PROFESSOR*) Get our things!

DOCTOR. I'm sorry you look at it that way, Arletta, but——

ARLETTA (*bitterly*). No Christian could look at it in any other way. If that brat remains, we go!

PROF. (*coming down with things. Imitating her*). Yes, we go!

DOCTOR. So be it, then, but Kitty stays.

ARLETTA. That settles it! That's all I want to know. (*Hurriedly putting on shawl*) Come, Oscar.

(PROFESSOR *has put on coat and hat.*)

ARLETTA (*to DOCTOR*). I consider our friendship now at an end, do you understand that?

DOCTOR (*protesting*). Oh, Arletta, don't.

ARLETTA (*stamping foot*). At an end! No one insults me the second time, I tell you that. The idea of taking in other people's children when you can't pay your own——



DOCTOR (*up. Angrily*). Stop! This has gone far enough! I don't owe a——

ARLETTA (*sharply*). You owe *me* the interest on your mortgage.

DOCTOR (*staggered. Quietly*). Oh, yes, I'd quite forgotten that.

ARLETTA. Well don't think *I* forgot it. Business is business with me. It's due near a month now and unless it's paid to-morrow, I'll have my lawyer——

DOCTOR (*piteously*). Please, Arletta, you wouldn't——

ARLETTA. Oh, wouldn't I? Well jes' you wait and see! (*To PROFESSOR*) Come, Oscar, we quit this house forever. (*They start towards D C.*)

ENTER SAMMY SELLERS D. C.

SAMMY (*breathlessly*). I caught him, jes' in time!

ENTER RICHARD MORREY *hurriedly* D. C.

MORREY (*espying KITTY. Joyously*). Kitty! I'm so glad!

KITTY (*all anxiety*). Why, what is it?

ENTER ROSIE D. L., and watching proceedings gradually comes down in front of fireplace.

(ARLETTA and PROFESSOR, listen interested.)

MORREY (*quickly*). Oh, I've hunted for you everywhere the past month, written you a dozen letters. Everything's finally settled. You are the daughter of wealthy New Yorkers who died leaving you in the care of an old aunt. Stolen by scoundrels and held for ransom, which was never paid, all trace of you was lost. But I've found you at last and you will live to enjoy your fortune.

ALL. Fortune?

MORREY. A fortune of over a million!

JIM (*slapping KITTY on shoulder*). What did I tell you, Kitty? What did I tell you?

KITTY. Good old Jim, you were right after all. (*Dazed*) Oh, it all seems like a dream. (*Turning to JIM*) You shall have a real circus now, the best in the land! (*Turning to DOCTOR*) And you shall want for nothing.

DOCTOR. This is more than we deserve.

ARLETTA and PROF. (*who have been endeavoring to draw KITTY's attention*). Congratulations, my dear.

ARLETTA. I always said you were no ordinary child. Allow me to be your best friend.

PROF. (*stiffly offering hand*). Me, too!

KITTY (*drawing herself to her full height*). Thank you, but I prefer to choose my friends!

ARLETTA. Oh, the impudent thing! (*To PROFESSOR*) Come, Oscar! (*They both start for D. C.*)

KITTY (*calling after them*). And as for that interest, you needn't worry. You'll get all that's comin' to you.

[EXIT PROFESSOR and ARLETTA D. C., *angrily*.]

MORREY (*looking at watch*). I'm afraid I'll have to wait until morning for a train. It's nearly midnight.

DOCTOR. Why not spend your Christmas here with us?

MORREY. Do you really mean it? I'd like nothing better.

KITTY. We'll have a bully old time. Dick here will loan me some money in the morning, I'll drive to town and buy you all a lot of presents.

MORREY (*close to her*). And what are you going to give me?

KITTY (*looking up at him*). Why, what do you most want?

MORREY. I want *you*, Kitty, to be my wife.

(*Bell tolls solemnly in distant church tower.*)

DOCTOR (*rising*). Listen! It's twelve o'clock!

MRS. G. Christmas!

(*ALL stand listening intently.*)

ROSIE (*after an effective pause*). Und it looks after all like we'd have turkey!

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

# A COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts, by Anthony E. Wills

PRICE 25 CENTS

Nine male, four female characters, including one character old man, one tramp-lead, one German, one Frenchman, one Yankee, two old men, one character old lady, two juvenile-ladies, and a French soubrette. One interior, one exterior scene. Time of playing 2½ hours.

## SYNOPSIS

Johann Kramer, proprietor of "The Lion Inn" in the Catskill Mountains, advertises that Count Nogoodio of Paris is to sojourn at his hotel. The Count had so arranged, but rescinded his order. Two old New Yorkers, each possessing a marriageable daughter, and both in financial straits, visit the Inn to capture the Count as a son-in-law. Kramer employs a tramp, "Weary," to impersonate the Count. Later the real Count appears, and "Weary" introduces him as his insane valet. The Count is put in jail. After "Weary" has driven Kramer nearly crazy, and set everybody at loggerheads, the Count escapes from jail and is finally recognized. A wealthy old maid, whose strategy baffles fortune-hunters, and her brother, full of fancied ailments, contribute to the droll situations with which the play abounds.

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# THE GIRL FROM PORTO RICO

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts, by Joseph Le Brandt

PRICE 25 CENTS

## CHARACTERS

JACK JENKINS, who likes excitement.....Juvenile Lead  
ROBINSON DODD, called "Robin" for short.....Light Comedy  
ABRAHAM MITE, who has a hobby.....Character Comedy  
MCGINTY, man servant.....Low Comedy  
JABEZ VACANT, Real-estate dealer.....Character  
DINA MITE, liable to explode at any moment.....Lead  
VIOLET WATERS, just as sweet as her name.....Ingenué  
SARAH, a little slow, but always "comin".....Rough Soubrette

ONE INTERIOR STAGE-SETTING THROUGHOUT THE THREE ACTS.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two-and-a-half Hours.

Mr. Mite has married a Porto Rican wife and has a daughter, Dina, a fiery termagant, who is engaged to the very quiet and sedate Robin. Jack, however, falls in love with Dina, who, after numerous complications, agrees to become his wife with the sole intention of making his existence a torture. In this she fails completely, as Jack soon asserts his authority and eventually wins her love. The action is rapid and the quick successions of stage situations causes roars of merriment.

# MISS MOSHER of COLORADO OR A MOUNTAIN PSYCHE

COMEDY-DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY A. S. RICHARDSON.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Five male, three female characters, including a Denver capitalist, an enterprising young man, a Wall Street broker, a rich, nervous man, a Colorado heiress and her mother, a maiden lady, and a butler. Time of playing, 2 hours.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The ranch near Denver. Mosher's addition. Mosher means to cut a dash. A turn of luck. Choosing dollars instead of love.

ACT II.—At Lenox, Mass. An odd pair of lovers. The rough course of true love. Filial devotion. Love's awakening. A mother's love.

ACT III.—Preparing for the ball. A surprise for Leta. A close call. Dallas again.

ACT IV.—After many days. False pride is broken. Story of Dallas. Leta's ultimatum. Shaking hands and calling it square.

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# MY LADY DARRELL OR A Strange Marriage

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY JOSEPH LE BRANDT.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Nine male, six female characters, including juvenile leading man, genteel heavy, light comedy, straight old man, comedy characters, heavy character; leading lady, genteel-heavy, character old women. Easy to stage, and thrillingly dramatic throughout. Time of playing, 2½ hours. 3 interior and 3 exterior scenes.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—*Rural Scene I.*—The Paisey farm. "Now, strike if you dare."  
*Scene II.*—Lord Darrell's estate. A strange marriage.

ACT II.—Society drama. Lapse of four months. The plot. The insult. The blow.

ACT III.—The abduction. Recognition. "You are the murderer of Captain Wyndham.

ACT IV.—Melodrama. In London. "I'll rescue her if it takes the last drop of blood in my veins." The Beggars' Paradise. Finale.





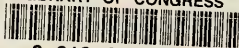








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